

The Academy

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The Literary Week.

THE best English poem on Elijah! That is the subject of the Seatonian prize offered by the University of Cambridge to all members of the University who have proceeded to the degree of Master of Arts. The successful candidate is required to print the poem at his own expense.

We beg to inform several correspondents that guesses as to the identity of the author of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* have ceased to be amusing. Indeed, the wild conjectures of the week must have produced no small annoyance. Guessing at the authorship was carried too far by the *Saturday Review* when its critic suggested that, "if Mrs. Meynell did not write this book, she may well be flattered to have found an imitator so enthusiastic and adroit." Nor was this rash attribution redeemed by the protestation: "We are anxious not to attribute the authorship of anything to anybody." Mrs. Meynell did not write *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*.

It would seem that the criticism passed upon the section devoted to living poets in Mr. Quiller-Couch's anthology has been considered. For we understand that a new edition is in preparation wherein Mr. Quiller-Couch will not be handicapped by considerations of space. Even then we fear he will not please the writer of the following:

TWO TREASURIES.

(With Apologies to Mr. Henley.)

Sitting down to Palgrave,

After reading Q.—

Like winter turned to May,—

I had a feast to-day,

A feast of lyric joy,

A feast that could not cloy,

With never a line of Wilfrid Blunt,

Or anybody new.

To Hyde and Rands and Howells

I bade a long adieu;

My weary arms had rest,

My eyes regained their zest,

And old immortal words

Sang in my heart like birds—

Sitting down to Palgrave

After reading Q.

WE are glad to see that Mr. Clarence Rook's extremely clever book, *The Hooligan Nights*, has been issued in a cheaper edition. The book ends, it will be remembered, with Alf's wedding, and the departure from a South London church in a pony-cart. "They swung round the square, and young Alf, looking back, waved his whip at me. And so young Alf turned the corner." These words have a curious bearing on young Alf's later career. Only two months ago he died for his country in South Africa. The question, "What shall we do with our Hooligans?" was answered by young Alf with his life. He did not die a hooligan.

As we prepare for press, the remains of the late Bishop of London are being laid to rest in St. Paul's Cathedral. Dr. Creighton was a graceful and dignified figure in the Church; in literature, a world-famed student of ecclesiastical history; in life, a man of abounding energy and radiant good sense. His energy was of a rather rare kind; it was all spring and "go," and yet no man could more serenely push his work aside and say, "Well, what can I do for you?" To a young man who once apologised for tapping at his study door he exclaimed: "My dear Mr. —, I have always plenty of time." Prof. Blackie once quoted to him his own motto:

Never hurry, never worry,
Never fret or fume,

but added, "You have the power of practising my precepts better than myself." We have no doubt, however, that Dr. Creighton's peculiar energy, his abounding wit, and his surplusage of intellect (if we may use the expression) added to the difficulties of his life. Bishoprics overtook him, too, while his *History of the Papacy* was in progress, and his MSS. mocked him from a desk strewn with the affairs of a diocese. He mourned that he had not only no time to write, but could not find time to read and think. His was a two-stranded life, and he knew it. His description of bisping will be remembered. He said:

There could not possibly be anything more ghastly from a human point of view than being a bishop. You can never please anybody. I was told I ought to be a bishop, and believed it was God's will and we are bound to keep moving on wherever God's will leads us, we have no choice to do anything else. . . . I went to Peterborough. Yes, I was very happy there. The clergy? Oh, the dear clergy. I think England the most extraordinary country in the world, and its clergy the most extraordinary people in it. The clergy averages do an immense amount of work, but they really are the most self-centred, undisciplined, and difficult people I ever came across.

THERE are forty entries, all told, under the name of "Creighton (Mandell), successively Bishop of Peterborough and London," in the British Museum Catalogue. Elsewhere we refer to some of the works which won him the respect of all scholars. Asked once if he approved of men writing their own epitaphs, he said, "That depends," and added, "I only want this over me:

HE TRIED TO WRITE TRUE HISTORY.

His advice to a young historian was "Suppress nothing, and don't generalise or form your theories until you have a good grasp of all your facts." A popular writer Dr. Creighton was not; it is not often, after all, that one sees his books. His *History of the Papacy during the Period of the Reformation*, an uncompleted work in four volumes, is for scholars. His *Queen Elizabeth*, magnificently illustrated, is for the wealthy. His *Geography for Beginners* is for schoolboys. His *Story of Some English Shires* is for the general reader, but it is the least remarkable of his books. Dr. Creighton founded, and for some years edited, the *English Historical Review*. A short time before his death

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the late Bishop permitted a volume of extracts from his writings to be made, forming a small devotional book for daily reading. It was on the point of being issued when his death occurred, and will be issued in a few days by Mr. Elliot Stock under the title *Counsels for Church People*.

LAST week we printed the six Shakespeare examination paper questions which had "stumped" a correspondent who had answered fifty-three out of the fifty-nine. The learned gentleman who compiled the paper has again obliged us. "First give me permission," he writes, "to correct one or two slips in 'Some Questions in Shakespeare':

"In Question 23 'Poins' should be 'Bardolph,' and the question should read: 'How many years had Falstaff known Bardolph before he met Mrs. Quickly?' As the lady says, in '2 Henry IV.', that she had known Falstaff 'these twenty-nine years, come peascod time,' and in the first part of the same play Sir John avers that he has maintained 'that Salamander' of Bardolph's will give 'any time this two-and-thirty years,' the problem is a simple one.

'Pisano's' ring should, of course, be 'Posthumus'; and the question as to Shakespeare's reference to Glasgow has no foundation—in fact, Shakespeare does not mention Glasgow.

THE answers to the other questions which have 'stumped' your correspondent are as follows:

12. The three blue-eyed characters in Shakespeare are Sycorax ('this blue-eyed hag'), Imogen ('blue of heaven's own tint'), and probably Cordelia, if the expression 'heavenly eyes' may be taken to indicate colour.

13. 'Young Dizzy' is one of the prisoners in 'Measure for Measure' (iv. 3).

44. The birch is mentioned in the same play (i. 4):

As fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not for use.

50. Attentive readers of 'The Winter's Tale' will find the following items in Perdita's preparation for the sheep-shearing :

Three pound of sugar.
Five pound of currants.
Rice.
Saffron, to colour the warden pies.
Nutmegs seven.
A race or two of ginger.
Four pound of prunes and as many raisins o' the sun.

51. The greater man than Falstaff, we have it from Justice Silence, was Goodman Puff of Barson (2 Henry IV.)

THE Glasgow question did not baffle G. S. of Edinburgh, who offers this line from "Hamlet": "You go not till I set you up a glass." Three of his other answers, although incorrect, are ingenious:

12. The three blue-eyed characters in Shakespeare—Imogen, Sycorax, and Hermia ("Hermia's sphery eyne").

50. Items from Perdita's *ménage* for the sheep-shearers: "I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies; mace—dates—none; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun." "Three pounds of sugar; five pounds of currants; vice" ("The Winter's Tale," iv. 2).

51. The name of a larger than Falstaff: "Colbrand the giant" ("King John," i. 1).

Fun has now progressed to its third number under Sir George Newnes's proprietorship, and we find it an excellent pennyworth of laughter. Mr. F. C. Gould is the regular weekly cartoonist, and everyone will enjoy his presentation of Sir John Tenniel's retirement from *Punch*

above the title: "Dropping the First Mate." Sir John descends the ladder in place of Bismarck. Mr. Punch looks down with genuine grief on the departing figure, and on the top rung of the ladder Toby lifts his head to the heavens and howls his regret. A high standard of draughtsmanship is being maintained in *Fun* by the art editor, Mr. Leslie Wilson. Here is a literary jokelet:

1ST AUTHOR: "My mother has never read a single line of my work."

2ND AUTHOR: "Or did she just read one?"

Two interesting letters from R. L. Stevenson appear in *L'Echo de la Semaine*. They were addressed to M. B. H. Gausseron, who had proposed to make a French translation of the *New Arabian Nights*. Stevenson, who was in the South of France, wrote:

Campagne Deffi—Saint Marcel,
Bauie de Marseille.

DEAR SIR.—My publisher tells me that you are thinking of translating my *Arabian Nights*.

Would it be of any interest or assistance to you if I glanced over the proof-sheets? I should be very glad to do so; and though I am not learned in grammar, I have had considerable practice in French.

Excuse the pencil; unfortunately, I am not very well.—
Yours truly,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

P.S.—I have read your *Romans Fidèles*. I have even written review of it, and I consider myself lucky in my translator. If only you don't throw up the job.

While the matter was in progress, M. Gausseron lost his little boy, and mentioned his bereavement to Stevenson, who replied in a letter that is interesting not only as a message of sympathy, but also for its touch of self-revelation. In it Stevenson wrote:

I am like a blind man in speaking of these things, for I have never known what mourning is, and the state of my health permits me to hope that I shall carry this good fortune unbroken to the grave. But I have done what is perhaps, I imagine in my ignorance, almost as hard to endure. I have outlived my own merits in the eyes of more than one whom I used to esteem and love. For a child as young as yours it is almost impossible to have had any demerits; and that spares you a pang of anguish.

MR. ALFRED HARMSWORTH makes startling predictions about Twentieth Century journalism in the *North American Review* for February. He sees coming the Simultaneous Newspaper—a newspaper of national circulation, which, after swallowing all others, shall be published all over England or the United States, as the case may be, with only such differences as the demand for local news necessitates. The main point is that instead of many newspapers there will be only one, it may be two or three. Mr. Harmsworth points out that the whole tendency of the times is the concentration of great affairs in the hands of the few. Thus England is governed by the Cecils, railways are combining their interests, and lamp-oil is supplied to English cottages by Mr. Rockefeller. Similarly, newspapers will be bought up by a gigantic combination, and the multiple or simultaneous newspaper will be an accomplished fact. Mr. Harmsworth does not say that he approves this state of things, and personally he would oppose it vigorously. But while promising to oppose it vigorously, he tells us that it is inevitable:

I hardly know how the public could prevent the development of a newspaper monopoly. The initial stages would be accomplished without any great publicity, and when once an exclusive news-service had been secured, the rest would follow as a necessary consequence. People would not consign themselves to a condition of total ignorance of all news simply because they objected to a monopoly. To refer to an illustration already used, as long as the oil in the lamp gives a good light and costs a moderate figure, people do not greatly trouble themselves about the Standard Oil Company and its methods.

ON the advantages of this journalistic concentration Mr. Harmsworth is eloquent:

Imagine the influence which would be exerted if an overwhelming majority of the newspapers in the United States spoke with the same voice, supported the same principles, and enunciated the same policy! Such a state of things would be a terror to evil-doers and to the supporters of anything inimical to the commonwealth. Napoleon once remarked: "Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets." But a hostile Press, issued simultaneously throughout the land, would be simply irresistible.

THE contrary possibility—that this giant of advocacy might exert his power in baneful and unpopular directions—is dismissed by Mr. Harmsworth on what seem to us rather insufficient grounds. He says that "a journal so demented as to purposely run counter to the honest feeling of the nation would soon have to file its petition and pass out into oblivion. The same would be true of a simultaneous newspaper." Does Mr. Harmsworth, then, contemplate with cheerfulness the creation of a single vast public opinion, and the obliteration or temporary neglect of differences of thought and feeling each demanding expression, and tending to work together to vitalise and develop the whole? We are frankly at a loss to interpret Mr. Harmsworth's mind. He smashes or brushes aside every argument that can be brought against his idea, but adds in the same breath: "Let me repeat, however, that I am not advocating newspaper monopolies." Mr. Harmsworth says, he is only pointing out that they will probably arrive; but—again we are comforted—"it is unlikely that the complete newspaper monopoly will arise in the earlier end of the new century."

A Kew watchmaker appears to keep a tame litterateur on his premises. His watches are commended to the public in the following terms:

At Kew Observatory, Watches are in a few days as severely tested as if they had gone near the North Pole or part of the way "Through the Dark Continent." In ovens and refrigerators, and in all possible positions, watches are tried to the utmost. They must bear it all without a single touch to the regulator, however much they may pine for it. Stern eyes of trained observers, less pitiful than Dante's demons, will mark their demeanour the while. Should they wince more than the brief allotted breadth of seconds, they are condemned to the ignominy of an inferior certificate or none. These trials are only for watches of high rank, and if their time-keeping qualities throughout the ordeal are such as to entitle them, are awarded what is known and valued as the Kew Certificate.

MISS MILLARD, of Teddington, is her own litterateur, and her advertisements of laces and curios contain many a pleasing touch. In a catalogue that lies before us we read:

Ancient Crewel and Rarest Needlework, from the earliest kind possible to find anywhere on sale at the present time. In handling these pieces one must confess to a tender and pathetic feeling in having the poet's words vividly brought to mind:

" Long laid to rest the patient hands,
That played with formal tints;
And faded are the silken strands,
As sad and sallow chintz."

Pair of lady's pale blue satin and silver shoes of Henry VIII. reign, with outdoor pattens in ruby velvet embroidered in silver. Of course these shoes are greatly faded, but are so rare and desirable that it matters little, and, indeed, after so many years can only be expected. The wearer must have had a sweet little foot, and was, no doubt, of royal blood, as such shoes in those days were only worn by the highest in the land; the famous Gunning shoe could never have been anything to compare with these; a chance for the collector, £7 7s.

THE force of intrusive journalism can hardly go further than it does in a long article on the personality, associations, and family of Mr. Stephen Phillips, printed in the New York *Saturday Review*. Mr. Phillips's clothes, pipe, parentage, marriage, brothers, sisters, and poet-cousins (Mr. Binyon and Mr. Bridges) are all described in turn. We have no intention to quote these irrelevancies. But some of the particulars given about Mr. Phillips himself have at least the charm of novelty. We were not aware that Mr. Phillips's "distinguished merit has caused the Queen to put him on the Civil List." Neither, it seems, were we correctly informed of his place of residence. "Mr. Phillips," we are assured, "does not seek sequestered scenes, daisied meadows, the banks of babbling brooks, or the solitude of sylvan glades in which to do his musings. With measured tread, head slightly bowed, and with his trusty briar in his mouth, the poet prefers to roam along the bustling streets near his Finsbury home, which is situated in the heart of London; there to take his inspiration from the multitudinous phases and aspects of metropolitan life, pausing now and again as he walks to make a note of some suggestion which may prove useful to him later on when he is seated at his desk." We do not, however, advise any young admirer of Mr. Phillips to hang about Finsbury-pavement in the hope of seeing Mr. Phillips "doing his musings." A third piece of news is even more startling. We are told that "Sir Richard Hatton, of the *Spectator*, says that Phillips is a born journalist."

PROF. BARRETT WENDELL, whose *Literary History of America* we review this week, holds the English Chair at Harvard, where he has established a reputation rather similar to that enjoyed, on this side, by Prof. Walter Raleigh. He has now been teaching literature for twenty years, and during that period he has written a number of books, including a manual of English Composition, *Shakespeare, a Study in Elizabethan Literature*, "Raleigh in Guiana," a play, and some novels, of which the best known is, perhaps, *The Duchess Emilia*.

MR. STEDMAN'S anthology of American poetry is considered a big thing in America, big in itself and in all it suggests. It is significant, however, that a writer in the *Forum* is unable to discuss the book without falling into remarks on the longevity of poets, the confusion between maiden and married names, the number of poets with identical names, the occupations of poets, &c. On the last-named subject he points out that the professional poet is almost unknown in America. "I believe Walt Whitman was the only American who inscribed 'Poet' on his doorplate, and he was the only American writer who has recorded his whole experience in song." The following added remarks are interesting:

I suppose no American ever set himself the task that Browning undertook—to write a poem every day for a given period. Browning was a professional poet, and you may get from him an idea of the total energy of an Englishman. But American poetry is occasional. Glenville Mellen is known as "the singer of one song," and "Waiting" is the one emotional experience John Burroughs has given poetic expression to in a busy lifetime. Hawthorne and Webster are credited with two or three poems carelessly preserved. James Fenimore Cooper wrote perhaps three. Bryant must do his day's work in his office, Lowell and Markham and Burton in a teacher's chair, Bret Harte in the mines, Stedman and Caryl at the Stock Exchange, Cheney at the Library. Field must labour at the "News" office, Ellsworth in invention, Crosby at the bar, Mitchell at the Sanitarium, Collyer at the forge, Brooks and Van Dyke in the pulpit. Cooper and Hawthorne exhausted their energy in fiction. Winter has dramatic criticism to write. Emerson had lectures to deliver. Lanier played the flute in the Baltimore orchestra.

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In reference to the biography of Helen Faucit, Sir Theodore Martin has written to a correspondent, who had called attention to a reminiscence of the performance of "King John" in the late Thomas Arnold's *History of English Literature*: "I thank you for your letter, and for the extract from Thomas Arnold's book. I had not before seen it, but, in any case, I could not have used it, there exist so many much more elaborate records of the performance of 'King John' at Drury Lane under Mr. Macready. The difficulty was not what to print, but what not to print." This, it will be noticed, is a reply to the objections urged against the biography, of two free quotations from contemporary dramatic criticisms. The letter concludes: "I am glad you have found my translations of the classics serviceable. They were meant as a help to men who wished to keep up their knowledge of the classics, which is very apt to slip away from us in active life."

THE *Lady's Magazine* (Pearson, Ltd.) makes its *début* this week. It is neat and well printed and illustrated, but we find in it no original feature. We should not know that we were turning the pages of a brand new magazine if we did not refer to the cover. Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, *The Eternal City*, begins its run with plenty of Papacy and intrigue and spectacle. A principal character is introduced as follows:

"Who is Donna Roma?" said the Englishman.

"Santo Dio! the man doesn't know Donna Roma."

The white plumes bobbed up, the powdered face fell back, the little twinkling eyes closed, and the company laughed and seated themselves in the loggia.

"Donna Roma, dear sir," said the young Roman, "is a type of the fair lady who has appeared in the history of every nation since the days of Helen of Troy—one of those exquisite creatures whose lovely eyes and rosy mouth exercise a function in the state. . . . Why did the Prime Minister appoint So-and-so?—Donna Roma! Why did he dismiss Such-and-such?—Donna Roma! What feminine influence imposed upon the nation this or that?—Donna Roma! Through whom come titles, decorations, honours?—Donna Roma! Who pacifies intractable politicians and makes them the devoted followers of the Ministers?—Donna Roma! Who organises the great charitable committees, collects funds and distributes them?—Donna Roma! Always, always Donna Roma!"

IN Messrs. Mudie's *Select Library Catalogue* for 1901 the classification inaugurated last year is continued, and is extended to History, Travel, and Topography. To borrowers the catalogue is more than ever useful, and we find it excellent for reference.

Bibliographical.

THE daily papers have naturally dealt more or less comprehensively with the publications of the late Bishop of London. They have not, however, quite exhausted the subject, having no room for details. One may record, therefore, that the Bishop's *opus maximum*—*The Papacy During the Reformation*—was given to the public between 1882 and 1897, in this way: between 1882 and 1887, four volumes; in 1894, the fifth volume; and then, in 1897, the whole work in six volumes. Dr. Creighton's monograph on *Queen Elizabeth* had the distinction of appearing in three different forms at different prices. The first two were seen in 1896, and the third (and cheapest) in 1899. Some of the Bishop's publications were very slight in bulk—simple sermons or addresses, for instance, like *The Hope of the Future* (preached at Sandringham in 1899) and *The Position of the Church of England* (an address delivered at rural dean conferences in the same year). He also published his Rede Lecture and Hulsean Lecture in 1895. On the whole, one is struck by the wide range of his intellectual interests. He was by no means historian and ecclesiastic exclusively.

The announcement of Mr. F. S. Ellis's forthcoming autobiography reminds one of some of his more recent literary benefactions—for example, the *Concordance to the Poems of Shelley*, which he brought out in 1892. It is not so very long since he issued his metrical arrangement (with metrical glossarial notes) of the old English version of "Reynard the Fox." Mr. Ellis has been one of those literary publishers of whom the number cannot be too large for the interests of literature. I believe the firm of Ellis & Elvey confine themselves now to the sale of old and rare books. One would like to have a record of their original contributions to the book world. Why do not all the publishers follow Messrs. Macmillan's example, and give us a *Bibliographical Catalogue* of their productions from the beginning till now?

Those who have purchased Mr. Quiller-Couch's *Oxford Book of English Verse* will hear with mingled feelings that a revised edition of that work may be looked for soon. It is hinted that Mr. Quiller-Couch had to reduce the bulk of his anthology at the last moment, and hence the limited (and, as many think, inadequate) measure of room accorded to contemporary bards. Will this section of the book be expanded, or will it be omitted altogether? The subject seems to demand a volume for itself. It is said, by the way, that Mr. Quiller-Couch proposes to introduce John Wesley into his next novel. Wesley figured in a recent novel by Miss Braddon?

Sir Robert Finlay has been recommending people—and, primarily, I suppose, Scotch people—to read Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather* more than they do. Is there any sign, then, that the work is falling off in popularity? Perhaps young persons are annoyed when they open the book and find that it consists (more or less) of facts, and not (altogether) of fiction. It cannot be that the *Tales* are not sufficiently accessible. Within the last decade there have been several editions, all at moderate prices—one in 1892 (in three volumes), one or two (cheap) in 1893, and two in 1898, the last-named being in two and one-volume forms, with an introduction by Dean Farrar (*que diable allait-il faire?* and so forth).

In none of the notices of the late Mr. R. C. Christie seen by me were there any allusions to what was probably his most popular achievement—his edition of the poems of Dryden, contributed, with an introductory memoir, to the "Globe" series of Messrs. Macmillan. This was, and is, an excellent piece of work; would that Mr. Christie had thought well to edit Dryden's plays, or at any rate a selection from them. Of his masterpiece, *The Life of Etienne Dolet, Martyr of the Renaissance*, a new edition (at half-a-sovereign) was issued so recently as 1899, the year which witnessed the *Bibliographical Society's publication of his Incunabulum of Brescia*.

I note that Mr. Edgar Pemberton's forthcoming book on Mr. Bret Harte is announced as "a treatise and a tribute." This is pleasing, for it seems to suggest that the work will not be a biography after all, or, at any rate, will be biographical only to a small degree. Mr. Pemberton has had in contemplation, I believe, a memoir of Mr. Charles Wyndham, the actor; but it is possible, I understand, that he may produce, instead, an account of Mr. Wyndham's long occupation of the Criterion Theatre. That would have real value for theatrical students.

The selections from *Reviews of the Century* which have been made and printed by a contemporary, have been read, we may be sure, with interest. The idea, however, is by no means new. It is, in fact, just ten years old, for in 1890 there was added to the Scott Library a little volume, edited by E. Stevenson, and called *Early Reviews of Great Writers*—a careful and interesting collection, covering the period between 1756 and 1832. In this case, if I remember rightly, the reviews were given in full, and are, therefore, the more readable and suggestive. This resuscitation of old judgments is, however, rather hard on the judges.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Magic and Religion.

The Golden Bough: a Study in Magic and Religion. By J. G. Frazer. Second Edition. 3 vols. (Macmillan. 36s.)

THE publication, ten years ago, of the first edition of *The Golden Bough* was a momentous event in the history of the studies to which it belongs. It did more than any other book, with the possible exceptions of Prof. Tylor's *Primitive Culture* and Mr. Lang's *Myth, Ritual, and Religion*, to shift the discussion of religious origins to a more profitable field than that of philology. The literary charm of Mr. Frazer's treatment interested a wide circle of readers in the scientific aspects of folk-tale and folk-custom, and the range of learning upon which he drew for the illustration of his argument served once for all as an object-lesson in the value of the comparative method. Mr. Frazer's plan of starting from the interpretation of a particular historic custom and gradually introducing his discussions of primitive religious ideas as bearing upon this was undeniably fascinating. It was not, perhaps, the most scientific scheme that could be devised, since it somewhat tended to obscure the important question of the stratification of religious ideas, which in a more formal treatise, such as Prof. Jevons's *Introduction to the History of Religion*, prevails so largely. But in spite of this, and in spite of the possibility that some of its central conceptions may not find ultimate acceptance, *The Golden Bough*, especially in its new and greatly enlarged form, will always remain at once a model of scholarly investigation and a storehouse of carefully classified anthropological facts. And, as Mr. Frazer rightly points out in the preface which he has written for this second edition, the interest of his subject is not merely a curious one. Like all great scientific advances, that which *The Golden Bough* represents has its revolutionary side. The anthropological study of religion in its genesis makes impossible certain ways of regarding religion in its essence.

It is indeed a melancholy, and in some respects thankless, task to strike at the foundations of beliefs in which, as in a strong tower, the hopes and aspirations of humanity through long ages have sought a refuge from the storm and stress of life. Yet sooner or later it is inevitable that the battery of the comparative method should breach these venerable walls, mantled over with the ivy and mosses and wild flowers of a thousand tender and sacred associations. At present we are only dragging the guns into position; they have hardly yet begun to speak. The task of building up into fairer and more enduring forms the old structures so rudely shattered is reserved for other hands, perhaps for other and happier ages. We cannot foresee, we can hardly even guess, the new forms into which thought and society will run in the future. Yet this certainty ought not to induce us from any consideration of expediency or regard for antiquity to spare the ancient moulds, however beautiful, when these are proved to be outworn. Whatever comes of it, wherever it leads us, we must follow truth alone. It is our only guiding star: *hoc signo vinces*.

For the benefit of those who now approach *The Golden Bough* for the first time, it may be well to give a brief summary of the problem with which Mr. Frazer sets himself to grapple and of the means by which he attacks it. "Lapped in a green hollow of the Alban Hills" lies the placid lake of Nemi, known to the ancients as the lake of Aricia. On the northern shore once stood a grove and sanctuary of Diana Nemorensis, "Diana of the Wood." The priest of this shrine held his office on a singular tenure, only so long, in fact, as his hands could keep his head. Within the grove stood a sacred tree, a branch of which was, according to legend, the Golden Bough which Æneas must pluck before he began his perilous descent into the world of shades. Could some runaway slave

succeed in plucking this branch, he was entitled to challenge the existing priest to single combat, and, if he slew him, to hold office in his stead as "King of the Wood" until he, too, met a similar fate. This remarkable and bloodstained custom has laid hold upon many imaginations, from Macaulay, who sang of

The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain,

to the author of *Eleanor*. It lasted to the age of the mild Antonines; but classical writers give no intelligible explanation of its origin, and to the Italians of history it was probably only a conservative survival. Comparative anthropology claims, however, to lay bare the primitive cycle of religious ideas in which so extraordinary a ritual is rooted. Here are some of the questions which Mr. Frazer asks himself, and to which he endeavours to find answers: Why was the priest called a king? Why was he the king "of the wood"? Why must his accession depend upon the previous murder of his predecessor? Why must this murder be itself preceded by the capture of a bough from the sacred tree? Each of these topics in its turn leads to a wide excursion among the tangled jungles of primitive ceremony and psychology. The relation of kingship to priesthood; the nature of incarnation, taboos, tree-worship; the spirit of fertilisation; the seasonal festivals of agriculture; the *rationales* of human and animal sacrifice; totemism; the belief in an external soul—upon them all Mr. Frazer accumulates an exhaustive store of example and illustration, sometimes, it must be confessed, pursuing his research beyond the absolutely necessary limits set by his main argument.

The contents of the new edition may be roughly estimated as about double those of the first. This increase in bulk is due not to any extension of the scope of the book, but to the incorporation throughout of a large quantity of new material rendered available by the progress of Mr. Frazer's own studies and of anthropological research generally during the last decade. Occasionally a whole new section, such as that on "The Saturnalia and Kindred Festivals" is added. A useful preliminary analysis affords the student something of a key through the labyrinth. On the other hand the index, in which the character of the work required extreme fulness, is as irritatingly inadequate as ever. And we find that the general argument is less modified or strengthened in deference to criticisms than we should have expected. For example, Mr. Frazer explains the periodical death of the King of the Wood, and of other similar priestly functionaries elsewhere, somewhat in this fashion: the priest is identified, by a process of primitive thought to which parallels can be given, with the deity of whom he is priest. But the deity must periodically suffer death and be reincarnated, in order that he may not grow old and so lose the virility upon which his protective powers depends. This process is carried out in his human representative. When priest slays and succeeds to priest, the youth and strength of the god receive a fresh lease of life for a new period. But, as it seems to us, Mr. Frazer has still to prove that these notions, of the identity of priest and god, and of the liability of the god to decay and loss of powers, are in any way in the necessary and normal line of religious evolution. They occur in certain parts of the world, notably in Mexico: but have they been universal, and in particular, can they be traced in the history of European or Mediterranean cults? We incline to doubt it, and to think that Mr. Frazer too readily finds evidence of the god incarnate in the priest. Thus at spring festivals a worshipper masquerades in a garment of young leaves, a Jack in the Green, and Mr. Frazer at once assumes that such a personage represents, is even identified with, the spirit of vegetation. It is not necessarily so. We may have to deal with a mere dramatic or symbolical representation of the spring. Or the under-

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lying notion may be a magical one. One of the commonest forms of magic is the magic of immediate contact. And the worshipper clad in the leaves which are god is the worshipper putting himself under the immediate influence and direct protection of that god. But he is still worshipper, and by no means god. It is Prof. Jevons, if we remember right, who has suggested what seems, on the whole, a more plausible explanation of the "slayer slain" than Mr. Frazer's. The priest is slain, not because he is the god, but because he has killed the god. His death is not a sacrifice, but it arises out of sacrifice. The god is incarnate, not in a man, but in an animal; and is sacrificed not to restore his vitality, but in order that his worshippers may partake of that vitality by eating him in the sacrificial meal. This is the magic of physical contact again. But who will dare to slay him? Only the bravest among the tribesmen, who thus incurs special sanctity by being the first to come in contact with the divine blood. At the same time he incurs blood-guiltiness—witness the curious Greek ritual of the *bouphonia*—and when his special sanctity has worn off then his death is a deferred punishment.

Mr. Frazer has, however, much improved the speculative part of his book by a more exact definition of the difference between magic and religion. Magic is, of the two, the earlier attitude of man towards the not-man. It is primitive science.

Wherever sympathetic magic occurs in its pure, unadulterated form, it assumes that in nature one event follows another necessarily and invariably, without the intervention of any spiritual or personal agency. Thus its fundamental conception is identical with that of modern science; underlying the whole system is a faith, implicit but real and firm, in the order and uniformity of nature. The magician does not doubt that the same causes will always produce the same effects; that the performance of the proper ceremony, accompanied by the appropriate spell, will inevitably be attended by the desired results, unless, indeed, his incantations should chance to be thwarted and foiled by the more potent charms of another sorcerer. He supplicates no higher power; he sues the favour of no fickle and wayward being; he abases himself before no awful deity.

It is true that the causes put into play by magic are not, as a matter of fact, those that can actually produce the desired effects: but that is a detail; the scientific intention is there. Religion comes in with animism; the recognition, or supposed recognition, in the not-man of personalities believed to act like man and to be approachable in the same way in which a fellow-man is approached.

By religion, then, I understand a propitiation or conciliation of powers superior to man, which are believed to direct and control the course of nature and of human life. In this sense it will readily be perceived that religion is opposed in principle both to magic and to science. For all conciliation implies that the being conciliated is a conscious or personal agent; that his conduct is, in some measure, uncertain; and that he can be prevailed upon to vary it in the desired direction by a judicious appeal to his interests, his appetites, or his emotions. Conciliation is never employed towards things which are regarded as inanimate, nor towards persons whose behaviour in the particular circumstances is known to be determined with absolute certainty. Thus, in so far as religion assumes the world to be directed by conscious agents who may be turned from their purposes by persuasion, it stands in fundamental antagonism to magic as well as to science, both of which take it for granted that the course of nature is determined, not by the passions or caprice of personal beings, but by the operation of immutable laws acting mechanically.

The distinction is a valuable one, and the only fault we have to find with Mr. Frazer's statement of it is that he appears to include "spells," "incantations," and "charms" under the head of magic, whereas it is arguable that these

were, originally at least, of the nature of prayer, which is conciliation, and so belong to the religious stage. Of course magical practices survive when religion has supervened, their conscious meaning sometimes disappearing and sometimes taking on a religious colour. Sacrifice, for instance, which probably has its roots in magic, tends more and more to become propitiatory rather than sacramental. But Mr. Frazer's definition of the term magic requires a caution; it does not cover the magic of the witch or of any sorcerer who professes to obtain his objects by the aid of an evil spirit or familiar. Such magic answers to Mr. Frazer's definition of religion. The practice of it is, in fact, a continued underground cult of dethroned deities, such as the heathen mother-goddess whose open worship Christianity had banned, or in earlier times, as when Canidia mixed her potions, some obscure Italian deity unrecognised by the official hierarchy of Rome. For magic in this sense it were perhaps better to find some less ambiguous term.

The new section on "The Saturnalia and Kindred Festivals" contains some interesting matter. Mr. Frazer quotes the recently discovered "Acts of St. Dasius" to show that as late as the beginning of the fourth century it was still the custom of the Roman legion in Lower Mœsia to put to death its Saturnalian "king." This "king" was chosen by lot thirty days before. For a month he went richly arrayed and indulged in every form of riot and wantonness. At the end of that period he cut his own throat on the altar of the god. St. Dasius was a Christian soldier, who refused to sully his last days by debauchery, and who for his refusal was slain by his fellows. Mr. Frazer also traces a spring festival analogous to the Saturnalia in the Saceæ at Babylon and the Purim of the Jews. He believes that here, too, there was a ceremonial human death, that the story of Esther had its origin in a myth intended to explain the survival of the custom, and that it was possibly performed dramatically at the feast, the slain man and his priestly successor taking respectively the parts of Haman and Mordecai. This leads to a startling suggestion, which is, that the Crucifixion was of the nature of such a dramatic performance, in which Christ, as a condemned prisoner, was made to play the part of Haman. The arguments by which this view is supported cannot be detailed here, and it must be frankly admitted that much in them is conjectural; but it is obvious that, if Christ was put to death as a festival mock king, an explanation is forthcoming of certain features of the Gospel narrative—the crown of thorns, the superscription on the cross, and so forth—which certainly do not belong to Roman judicial procedure, and for which no other reason can be plausibly assigned. Mr. Frazer considers that Barabbas was the Mordecai on this occasion.

The Popular Style.

Harvest-Tide. By Sir Lewis Morris. (Kegan Paul. 5s.)

We are not devoted admirers of *The Epic of Hades*, but it is a great drop from that to this latest volume of Sir Lewis Morris. Then he wore the singing-robe of Tennyson; and we prefer it to this composite Sir Lewis, following now one model, now another, and again welding clichés from many sources to a perfectly featureless result, in which no individuality is discernible—least of all the poet's own. In one poem we have the familiar Tennysonian style which we associate with Sir Lewis; in another (to which we shall return) he has apparently essayed the mood of Tennyson's "Higher Pantheism"; in a third, he has seemingly been reading Mr. Watson's "Hymn to the Sea," for he adopts its English pentameters. The metre, of course, is classical; but (save for a couplet of Coleridge) we are not aware that any poet before Mr. Watson had attempted

to naturalise the metre. Consequently, it is of Mr. Watson we think when we read such verse as this:

Man that is born of a Woman the pride and the shame of Creation;
Man that soars upward to Heaven and sinks to the nethermost Hell;
Man that is lower than the brute and yet higher in rank than the Angels;
Man with vile lusts that dishonour, and yearnings that soar to the skies.

The reader will not desire more. Of the third kind to which we referred—the colourless—the "Coming of the Muse" is a specimen. We quote from it—it is too long to quote entire:

The shy Muse, rarely seen, at times
Floats down, yet will not stay,
But bides her unembodied rhymes
Far, far away.
From out the blank unpeopled page
There shines no vision fair,
And on the poet's noble rage
Broods cold despair.
In vain to toil, in vain to strive,
Efforts and vows are naught:
No favouring impulse comes to drive
The lagging thought.
Then sudden, 'mid the darkling chill,
Dead hope and strivings vain,
A ghostly radiance seems to fill
His heart and brain.
Far-off and thin, translucent, white,
His straining eyeballs trace,
Half-hidden, a phantom of delight,
A sweet veiled face.
And straight, 'tis Life, 'tis Youth, 'tis Spring
That comes his toil to cheer;
Blithe Fancy spreads a joyous wing—
"The Muse is here."

This has the tinge of no poet in particular, but it would be difficult to find more crusted phrases in an equal compass. Could you have more worn poetic clichés than the rhymes of that second stanza? "Vision fair,"—"noble rage"—"cold despair." Sir Lewis might have left the "noble rage" in the repository of the eighteenth century. Mrs. Meynell has directed upon the poor phrase some of the most feathery satire. We quote from *The Flower of the Mind*:

Pope and all the politer poets nursed something they were pleased to call a "rage," and this expatiated (to use another word of their own) beyond all bounds. Of sheer voluntary extremes it is not in the seventeenth century conceit that we should seek examples, but in an eighteenth century "rage." A "noble rage," properly provoked, could be backed to write more trash than fancy ever tempted the half-incredulous sweet poet of the older time to run upon. He was fancy's child, and the bard of the eighteenth century was the child of common sense with straws in his hair—vainly arranged there.

This delicate derision should have made it impossible for any modern poet to revive the dull old phrase. Sir Lewis seems, however, to have been browsing on the eighteenth century, for a little further on we have "vernal grove." But in the same stanza "foam-flowered wave" whisks us back again to Mr. Swinburne:

One moon-flower making all the foam-flowers fair.

But if you would understand how Sir Lewis Morris can be a popular poet, you must read "A New Orphic Hymn." It is an echo of Tennyson in "The Higher Pantheism," and not at all Orphic. Thus it opens:

The peaks, and the starlit skies, the deeps of the fathomless seas,
Immanent is He in all, yet higher and deeper than these.
The heart, and the mind, and the soul, the thought and the yearnings of Man,
Of His essence are one and all, and yet define it who can?

Sir Lewis does not define it, but he pours out a succession of platitudes in language sufficiently sonorous to give the general man a conviction he is reading something very deep and lofty, and—rather to his surprise—understands it. Which puts him on good terms with himself and the poet.

The malefic invisible atoms unmarked by man's purblind eye,
That beleaguer our House of Life, and compass us till we die;

All these are parts of Him, the indivisible One,
Who supports and illuminates the many, Creation's Pillar and Sun!

Though Sir Lewis may devoutly hold it true, it goes perilously near bathos to tell us that microbes are a part of the Deity. But it is the one instance of anything like imaginative expression. The next stanza is, at any rate, not obvious:

Yea, and far in the depths of Being, too dark for a mortal brain,
Lurk His secrets of Evil and Wrong, His creatures of Death and of Pain.

What the creatures of Death and of Pain may be, how or why they lurk far in the depths of Being, or what the depths of Being may be, are matters as puzzling as what sort of a philosophy, "too dark for mortal brain," lurks in this cryptic stanza. Yet even it will have a vague impressiveness for the popular reader.

These things fairly represent the staple of the book, but better things than these Sir Lewis Morris sometimes does, as in the poem to the birds, "Flying Southward by Night," where he bids them remember England in their land of sun:

Here is your home and ours, where the young brood
Were born, and essayed first their callow wings:
Here, where laborious summers gained their food,
And homely love despised all outer things.
Here is full life, not there, though flowers and fruit:
Unfading spring, and weal be yours and rest,
The North still holds the nest.

That is at least scholarly verse and unaffected, with a thought in it; and the rest of the poem is not unworthy of it, marred by few clichés. If the volume contained more of equal merit, we should have had pleasure in expressing an opinion more favourable.

A Great Seaman.

Paul Jones: Founder of the American Navy. By Augustus C. Buell. 2 Vols. (Kegan Paul. 12s.)

It was time that some attempt at an exhaustive biography of Paul Jones should be made. We have had scraps of him before, episodes, interested depreciations, disinterested eulogies—all tending to the fuller knowledge of a most vital and powerful personality, yet with so much clashing of evidence and variation of points of view that the main figure looms luridly as something between a demon and a god. Mr. Buell has set Paul Jones clearly before us; he has gathered much information from sources hitherto untapped, and has produced a most interesting and exhaustive biography of the Scotsmen who was a consistent, but worthy, enemy of England. We cannot go all the way with Mr. Buell in some phases of his hero-worship, but such favouritism as he shows is by way of inference and comment, and not by distortion of facts. This may readily be forgiven to an author whose "effort has been to write a history of Paul Jones as truthful as a great-grandson's services under Paul Jones were faithful."

Accident, rather than any great obsession of "liberty and the rights of man," made Paul Jones the most formidable sea-enemy of England of his time. This, it seems

to us, is a perfectly just statement of the case. The man who sailed under English mercantile colours for several voyages became the proprietor of an estate in Virginia by a mere accident of death. His brother, William Paul, the adopted son of William Jones, a Virginia planter, had assumed the adopted father's patronymic; and this brother dying soon after Paul had anchored in the Rappahannock, the patronymic and the estate came into the possession of the young captain at a crucial period. The ferment of the rebellion was already stirring. Jones settled down to "the idyllic life of a Virginia planter"; but not for long. Adventure, the sea yearning, the passion for wide horizons were in his blood. Two years later he was gazetted first senior lieutenant in the young American navy. Five men received captains' commissions; the soul of the whole movement only a lieutenant's. Of these five captains:

Four . . . were respectable skippers; and they all outlived the war! One of them was the kind of naval captain that the God of Battles makes. That one was Nick Biddle—poor, brave Nick!—and he died in hopeless battle with a foe double his own strength, half of his hapless ship going down and the other half going up by the explosion of his magazine.

The first expedition of the first squadron of the new navy, which lasted from February 17 to April 8, 1776, was abortive. Its only result was the dismissal of one incompetent captain and the suspension of Paul Jones's chief. The first lieutenant, a month later, was given the command of the *Providence*, a sloop-of-war carrying fourteen guns and 107 men. With this little ship Jones scoured seas thick with English cruisers, and captured in all sixteen vessels. In June of 1777 he was, after a period of duty on the Board of Advice, appointed by Congress to the command of the *Ranger*, a ship-sloop with a battery of twenty long six-pounders. On October 19 he set sail for France, carrying despatches which contained the fateful news of the surrender of Burgoyne. Then followed one of the many disappointments which dogged, though they never dimmed, a brilliant career. The *Indien*, a new ship building at Amsterdam, of which Jones was to have taken command, was, upon launching, denounced by the British Minister to the Netherlands as an American ship-of-war in disguise. The secret had been betrayed to the British Government by Thornton, one of the numerous private secretaries of the egregious Arthur Lee. The States General, not daring to give up the ship to the American Commissioners, she was sold by them to the King of France, the next best thing to having her themselves. Paul Jones returned to the *Ranger* at Brest to find that his first lieutenant, Simpson, had been stirring up dissatisfaction among the crew. Said Jones to his refractory junior:

I command this ship, Mr. Simpson, by virtue of my senior rank, by virtue of the resolution of Congress . . . and by virtue of the order of the Commissioners. But I will urge none of these considerations upon you in your present attitude. So far as you are concerned, I will only say that I command this ship by virtue of the fact that I am the best man aboard—a fact which I shall cheerfully demonstrate to you at your pleasure! And I wish you to signify your pleasure to me here and now!

Lieutenant Simpson, who was a brave man and no fool, did not choose to go further. And on this matter of Jones's discipline we may here quote from the narrative of Henry Gardner:

I sailed, in my time, with many captains; but with only one Paul Jones. He was the captain of captains. Any other commander I sailed with had some kind of method or fixed rule which he exerted towards all those under him alike . . . Not so Paul Jones. He always knew every officer or man in his crew as one friend knows another. . . . I have seen him one hour teaching the French language to his midshipmen and the next showing an apprentice how to knot a "Turk's-head" or make a neat coil-down of a painter. He was in everybody's watch and everybody's mess all the time. . . . Above all

things, he hated the cat-o'-nine tails. In two of his ships—the *Providence* and the *Ranger*—he threw it overboard the first day out. . . . All the men under his command soon learned this trait in his character. One Sunday . . . he told them that, many years before . . . he had seen a man "flogged round the fleet" at Port Royal, Jamaica. He said the man died under the lash; and he then made up his mind that Paul Jones and the cat-o'-nine tails would part company. "I tell you, my men," he said, "once for all, that when I become convinced that a sailor of mine must be killed, I will not leave it to be done by boatswain's mates under slow torture of the lash! But I will do it myself—and so G—d—quick that it will make your heads swim."

No wonder that his crews loved him!

In the *Ranger* he set out from Brest for a cruise on the British coasts, and off Carrickfergus captured the twenty-gun sloop-of-war, the *Drake*. "Small as the ships were," says Mr. Buell, "this action involved the turning of a new page in naval history, and to that fact alone it owes its celebrity. It was the first instance in modern naval warfare of the capture of a regular British man-of-war by a ship of inferior force." But this exploit gives place to the really glorious fight between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis*—the former under the command of Jones, the latter of Captain Richard Pearson. A personal appeal to Louis XVI., after the French Alliance, had secured for Jones, then Commodore, this commission by way of solatium for the loss of the *Indian's* command. In August, 1779, the flag-ship, with three smaller vessels, left the Road of Groaix for a circuit of the British Islands. One of the smaller vessels was the *Alliance*, under the command of Pierre Landais, as great a coward and traitor as ever disgraced a quarter-deck.

On the afternoon of December 23, the *Bon Homme Richard* being to the windward of Flamboro' Head, the whole Baltic Fleet appeared running out of Bridlington Bay, under convoy of the *Serapis* and a sloop-of-war. Paul Jones's chance had come. In a letter to Dr. Franklin he wrote:

Earnest as I was for the action, I could not reach the Commodore's ship till seven o'clock in the evening, being then within pistol-shot, when he hailed the *Bon Homme Richard*, and we answered him by our whole broadside.

The last entry in the log of the *Serapis* ran thus:

Ships now fairly abeam, a cable's length . . . on the same tack, wind abeam, south-west, light but steady. Sea smooth, moon full, sky clear, time 7.15 p.m. We hail second time, enemy answers with broadside.

The battle lasted for close on four hours. The heavier battery of the *Serapis* told with deadly effect. After an hour's broadsiding Jones saw that the game was not to be won that way. "Dick," he said to Gardner, his first quarter-gunner, "his metal is too heavy for us at this business. He is hammering us all to pieces. We must close with him; we must get hold of him." And close they did. When the ships were ranged alongside, the anchor-fluke of the *Serapis* caught in the mizzen foot shrouds of the *Richard*; the fluke was immediately lashed fast to the stays, and boarding became practicable. The *Richard* was on fire and had five feet of water in her hold; her starboard side was completely driven in, so that the whole gun-deck was in imminent danger of collapse. Yet she conquered by the desperate valour inspired by the overwhelming personality of one man. And having conquered, and the wounded being removed to the conquered ship, she sank with her dead, and with her flag flying. It was the flag which the girls of Portsmouth had made out of pieces of their best silk gowns.

We have not space to follow the career of Paul Jones through the further vicissitudes and triumphs which marked its amazing course. He was made a Chevalier of France by Louis XVI., and was the lover of Aimée de Telison, a natural daughter of Louis XV.; he became a

vice-admiral in the Russian Navy, and died in his boots at forty-five. The fiery activity of the man burnt out his life. If he had lived he would, we may suppose, have played some startling part in the bloody drama of the French Revolution. Perhaps it is as well for his memory that he saw no more than the vague first stirrings of that upheaval. As it was he died with a reputation unsmirched, a personal honour untarnished. His faults were the faults of greatness, and no Englishman need grudge his name a place beside the names of Drake and Grenville. His was their spirit, though he sailed under another flag.

Things Seen in Spain.

Spanish Highways and Byways. By Katharine Lee Bates. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a companion volume to Mr. Clifton Johnston's *Along French Byways*, which we reviewed with pleasure a few weeks ago. It does afresh, and freshly, what has been done many times before: it records the impressions of a wide - awake tourist in Spain just as they were received. Miss Bates travelled through the most romantic cities and provinces of Spain with a lady companion; and, thanks to her knowledge of Spanish and her keen American eyes, she observed enough to fill this book with vital descriptions. The travellers went firmly resolved to eschew the bull-fight, and all we can say is that Miss Bates's account of the bull-fight she did not eschew is mighty good reading. To be sure, the horror and nausea of it haunted her for weeks, and her sufferings even excited the notice of her Spanish host, who was greatly puzzled. He pointed out that the *corrida* had been a mild one, very suitable for a beginner—no fire-darts, no houghing of the bull, nothing really horrible. "And, after all," he urged, "animals are only animals; they are not Christians." "Who were the Christians in that Circus?" I asked. "How could devils have been worse than we?" He half glanced toward the morning paper, but was too kindly to speak his thought. It was not necessary. I had read the paper, which gave half a column to a detailed account of a recent lynching, with torture, in the United States." In Madrid, in Seville, in Granada, in Santander, and among the Basques, Miss Bates had glimpses into Spain and the Spanish mind. Her identification of religious types is quick and interesting. Spain is not all pious; some of her children are born to laugh at priests. One of the best things in the book is the author's discourse with such an *indiferente* — a cheery old pagan who had never read Calderon, but was inordinately proud of a paper-bound *geografia* he had written for use in Spanish schools. From this he read long passages to Miss Bates, and the only feature of which he seemed ashamed was its occasional sop to superstition, as when he stated that in the Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela is the veritable body of St. James. "He cast a quizzical glance at me in reading this, and then laughed himself purple in the face. 'One has to say these things in this country,' he gasped, still breathless for his mirth. 'Drops of water must run with the stream. If only there were a shrine where people might be cured of being fools!'" This man had also compiled an anthology of Castilian poems; its most striking feature was the printing of each poem in a different type. He explained that this made the reading harder for children, and so exercised their minds the more. We leave the idea to the consideration of educational editors. Miss Bates read to him Calderon's "El Mágico Prodigioso," with its great argument between Cipriano and Lucifer as to the nature of God. The old wordling was delighted, and for the moment it seemed that he was almost persuaded to be a Christian. But when the drama was finished, he remained silent for

several minutes, shook his head, and delivered himself: "Not true; it is not true. There is no devil but the evil passions of humanity. And as for Cipriano's definition of God—it is good, yes; it is great, yes; but who can shut God into a definition? One might as well try to scoop the ocean into a cocoa-nut shell. No! All religions are human fictions. We have come, nobody knows whence or why, into this paltry, foolish, sordid life, for most of us only a fight to gain the bread, and then *Bueno!* I am on the brink of the jump, and the priests have not frightened me yet." This unbelieving compiler of schoolbooks was highly popular with his neighbours, and suffered none of the petty persecutions which are meted out to Spanish Protestants. College boys did not stone his windows, work and promotion had not failed him, for his house he paid only the rent of a Catholic, and he was held in high honour for the scholarship that had underpinned his faith. Miss Bates has written a thoroughly bright and discerning book on a land that lures us all to its tower-crowned cities and arid plains, alike steeped in romance. One word more: the chapter on "Choral Games of Spanish Children" should interest some of our children's authors.

An Epic of Poor Men.

On the Track and Over the Sliprails. By Henry Lawson. (Sydney: Angus & Robertson.)

SOME little while ago we drew attention to that humane and understanding volume of Australian stories, *While the Billy Boils*, and now its successor and companion lies before us, notable for the same qualities of sympathy and vigour, truthfulness and humour. Together the two books make up a little body of Australian literature that stands alone as the truest and most national thing that any writer in that country has produced.

The title which we have placed at the head of this article would cover both collections; for Mr. Lawson has always sought his heroes among wanderers and wastrels. Bullock drivers, sheep shearers, professional sharpers, gold diggers, fence builders—these are his material, with the arid Bush of Australia for background, with its squalid inns and selections, its bark shanties and rambling stations, and here and there an iron-roofed town. Another man might spend a lifetime in these surroundings and find nothing but ugliness: Mr. Lawson, having the true vision, brings away a load of treasure. Mitchell's kindly philosophy; Steelman's hard-bitten worldly wisdom; Andy's simplicity and might; the Lachlan's dogged remorse; Middleton's Peter's quiet force—these are made real to us and memorable. All are poor men, all hump the swag and drink too much whiskey and fight bloody and brutal fights, and all would probably be avoided by the majority of us as unpleasant tramps or detrimentals; and every one has a drama encircling him which Mr. Lawson has penetrated. Australia should be very proud of him: he has done so much to express the genius of the country.

The best stories in Mr. Lawson's new book are, we think, "Middleton's Peter," "No Place for a Woman," "An Incident at Stiffner's," "The Hero of Red Clay," "The Selector's Daughter," "New Year's Night," "The Story of the Oracle," and "The Songs They Used to Sing," which is not properly a story at all, but a very persuasive piece of true sentiment. "The Selector's Daughter" is a study in very sombre realism. "The Hero of Red Clay," which is the longest of these little dramas, is touched in with a sardonic irony that many more ambitious novelists might envy. In "New Year's Night" we have Mr. Lawson in a happier mood, but a mood that brings us very nigh to tears. "Poor human nature" might, indeed, be the gloss to most of his pages.

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His knowledge of the simple heart is profound, and his pity for it is profound also.

To quote is not easy, because these are stories in which matter comes before manner. Not that Mr. Lawson misunderstands form; on the contrary, his form is often impeccable; but he has not such literary graces as make for detached quotation. But the end of Wild, the drunken bush doctor, is a detachable episode, not only good in itself, but one that illustrates Mr. Lawson's gift of narrative directness:

Poor Doc. Wild died in a shepherd's hut at the Dry Creeks. The shepherds (white men) found him, "naked as he was born, and with the hide half burned off him with the sun," rounding up imaginary snakes on a dusty clearing, one blazing hot day. The hut-keeper had some "quare" (queer) experiences with the doctor during the next three days, and used in after years to tell of them between the puffs of his pipe, calmly and solemnly and as if the story was rather to the doctor's credit than otherwise. The shepherds sent for the police and a doctor, and sent word to Joe Middleton. Doc. Wild was sensible towards the end. His interview with the other doctor was characteristic. "And, now you see how far I am," he said in conclusion, "have you brought the brandy?" The other doctor had. Joe Middleton came with his waggonette, and in it the softest mattress and pillows the station afforded. He also, in his innocence, brought a dozen of soda-water. Doc. Wild took Joe's hand feebly, and, a little later, he "passed out" (as he would have said), murmuring "something that sounded like poetry" in an unknown tongue. Joe took the body to the home station. "Who's the boss bringin'?" asked the shearers, seeing the waggonette coming very slowly, and the boss walking by the horses' heads. "Doc. Wild," said a station hand. "Take yer hats off."

They buried him with bush honours, and chiselled his name on a slab of blue gum—a wood that lasts.

We notice with pleasure that Mr. Lawson, who is now settled in England, has begun to contribute stories to *Blackwood's Magazine*.

Other New Books.

HELENA FAUCIT (LADY MARTIN). BY SIR T. MARTIN.

It was well that a memoir of Helen Faucit should be written, but not so well, perhaps, that it should be written by her husband. He had, of course, all the facts of her career at his fingers' ends, but he lacked of necessity the power which a biographer ought to possess—that of regarding the career described with disinterested and impartial eyes. In this volume Miss Faucit does all things admirably. It is possible that she was invariably successful in her impersonations, but it is hardly likely. She was not always satisfied with them herself—a fact which Sir Theodore, by quoting from her diaries, permits her to bring out, thus breaking very pleasantly the sustained flow of his own eulogies. For some years Miss Faucit had the histrionic field practically to herself, as far as her own sex was concerned, and she was then admittedly our leading actress. Her performances, whatever their intrinsic merit, have certainly an historical interest, which thoroughly justifies this record of them. Incidentally, too, the memoir comes in contact with literature, inasmuch as it tells us of Miss Faucit's association with Hawthorne, Carlyle, Thackeray, George Eliot, Robert Browning, Westland Marston, Matthew Arnold, and Charles Kingsley. Arnold would have liked her to act in his *Merope*, and George Eliot and Kingsley would have been glad to write plays for her. Some of Kingsley's friends, however, thought that if he wrote for the stage he would impair his influence in the pulpit and on the platform, so he withdrew the proposal. The other two suggestions, as we all know, came to nothing. Altogether, this biography is not without a literary flavour, though manifestly it is mainly for the lovers and students of

the stage. It is not fortunate in its index, which is both inadequate and inaccurate. It speaks, for example, of Mrs. "Sterling," and the Mr. Wyndham referred to in connexion with p. 302 is obviously not Mr. Charles Wyndham, but Mr. R. H. Wyndham, of Edinburgh. Moreover, is Sir Theodore quite sure that the play called "Plighted Troth" (p. 88) was by George Darley? The point has always been doubtful. (Blackwood.)

LINE AND FORM.

BY WALTER CRANE.

This volume, and the author's previous work, to which this is intended as a companion volume—*The Bases of Design*—together register in print and drawings all that is characteristic in Mr. Crane's art. The essence of that teaching is that all valid design takes its structure and idea direct from Nature; and that when the designer ceases to draw his inspiration from her his designs will sink into tasteless caprice.

How far design can be taught is another question, which Mr. Crane does not discuss in these lectures; but it is strange that with all our schools of design there should be so little really original and imaginative work produced: so little, indeed, that the other day Mr. Crane, as examiner of design for the Technical Education Board, only discovered one examinee of real merit, and she was disqualified from taking the scholarship by reason of age. Nor does Mr. Crane discuss why a certain combination of lines gives more pleasure than another; and perhaps it is as well that both difficulties, which have really nothing to do with the practice of the art, should be shelved until the elements of the subject are better known.

Whether students will benefit from these lectures or not it is certain that the reader will learn from the volume how to tell a good design from a bad one, and so, possibly, himself become an inspiration, which may be all that our technical schools are in want of. Anyway, nothing but good can result from these lectures, even if they do no more than convince us that what is wanted in modern life is more freshness of idea, greater resourcefulness and imagination, less system and less imitation. The following passage, taken with the illustrations of the text, may be regarded as a "line" symphony: at the least, it shows the high claim which Mr. Crane makes for design:

Line is, indeed, as I have before termed it, a language, a most sensitive and vigorous speech of many dialects; which can adapt itself to all purposes, and is, indeed, indispensable to all the provinces of design in line. Line may be regarded simply as a means of record, a method of registering the facts of nature, of graphically portraying the characteristics of plants and animals, or the features of humanity . . . it can appeal to our emotions and evoke our passionate and poetic sympathies with both the life of humanity and wild nature, as in the hands of the great masters it lifts us to heaven or bows us down to earth: we may stand on the sea-shore and see the movement of the falling waves, the fierce energy of the storm and the rolling armament of its clouds, glittering with the sudden zig-zag of the lightning: or we may sink into the profound calm of a summer day, when the mountains, defined only by their edges wrapped in soft planes of mist, seem to recline upon the level meadows like Titans and dream of the golden age.

(George Bell. 12s. net.)

A SHORT HISTORY OF RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND, 1500-1800. BY REGINALD BLOMFIELD.

This book is an abridgment of Mr. Blomfield's large standard work, and we have only to say that it bears no unpleasing signs of the cutting-down process. On the contrary, it has all the aplomb of a complete book, and in its size and its equipment of illustrations it commends itself to the student and the amateur. "By Renaissance Architecture in England, as treated of in this handbook," says Mr. Blomfield, "is to be understood that fresh departure in architecture which began with the tentative

efforts of imported workmen in the reign of Henry VIII., which reached its highest degree of attainment in the hands of Inigo Jones and Wren, and eventually ran itself out in the uncertainties induced by the literary eclecticism of the eighteenth century." We need not point out how the book is necessarily a key to the understanding, on the part of the non-professional lover of architecture, of many types and a hundred familiar buildings. Twenty goodly pages are allotted to Inigo Jones, of whose work there are abundant remains in London, from the Banqueting Hall to the water-gate of old York House. Wren has over thirty pages; and then, leaving the dual throne, we are brought among men like Hawksmoor, Vanbrugh, Kent (the architect of the Horse Guards), Gibbs (St. Mary-le-Strand and Radcliffe Library, Oxford), Wood (the maker of Bath), Dance the Elder (the Mansion House and St. Leonard's, Shoreditch), Chambers (Somerset House), Dance the Younger (Newgate), and the Adams brothers. We need not say that Mr. Blomfield's sympathies and loyalties are plainly writ across the pages of his book. Accepting Inigo Jones as the greatest architect England has bred, he accepts his rule that architecture should be "solid, proportional according to the rules, masculine, and unaffected." Hence Mr. Blomfield's hopes rest on our emergence from all the neo-French, Italian, Gothic, and German revivals and half-revivals which have made our architecture a higgledy-piggledy for the last hundred years. But he is not hopeful of an immediate renaissance. What we specially wish to emphasise is the charm and usefulness of this book to the intelligent general reader. (Bell. 7s. 6d. net.)

FACSIMILES OF BIBLICAL
MSS. IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. EDITED BY
FREDERIC G. KENYON.

In a large, but not too large, folio volume, Dr. Kenyon here gives us facsimiles of a fairly typical series of MSS., from a Papyrus Psalter of the third century down to the Second Wycliffe Bible of the fifteenth. The original documents are most handsomely reproduced by a photographic process, and to each of them Dr. Kenyon adds a transcript into modern characters and a short account of the history and condition of the text. Prominent among them is the famous Codex Alexandria given by Cyril Lucanus to Charles I., which forms one of the glories of the Museum, and the less known Codex Purpureus, a magnificent copy in gold and silver letters upon purple vellum, of which we have unfortunately only four leaves. Very interesting, too, is the sixth-century palimpsest, showing how a Greek Gospel at St. Luke has been rubbed out to receive a controversial work in Syriac three centuries later. To a theologian, as to a sapper, nothing is sacred. The only possible improvement that can be suggested is that the colours of the originals might have been added, but no doubt the extra expense has proved deterrent. The omission must have gone to the heart of Dr. Kenyon, whose enthusiasm in the cause of paleography has been signally proved on this as on many former occasions. (British Museum Publications.)

Lives of Lord Roberts are peppering us fast. Mr. Ernest Russell, the author of *Lord Roberts of Kandahar and Waterford* (Drane), says engagingly: "'Bobs' has been biographed (*sic*) often, but, however often, the latest 'life' is only less out of date than the earliest. His career continues to be crowded with interest, and this little volume carries the record down to the beginning of what every good Briton will hope is to be another brilliant chapter."

A popular and full account of Lord Roberts's career is Mr. J. S. Fletcher's *Roberts of Pretoria* (Methuen: Six-penny Library). In an introduction dedicated "To the Man in the Street" Mr. Fletcher quotes about twenty lines of Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior" in application

to the hero of the hour. We can recommend this book; it is good and cheap, and for the moment sufficient.

Mr. Ralph Waldo Trine wrote a striking little book, called *In Tune with the Infinite*. He now puts in a various plea for consideration toward the animal creation, under the title of *Every Living Creature* (Bell, 1s. net). The book is small, white, and pretty, and its chapters deal with such familiar and controversial subjects as Hunting, Vivisection, Docking, Cattle Transport, &c. We are not in sympathy with total vegetarianism, nor do we hold that hunting and shooting are debasing sports, though we are sure they are sometimes abused. Where we are with Mr. Trine heart and soul is in his denunciation of the killing of birds to supply millinery establishments with something to sell and thoughtless women with something to wear. But here again we cannot keep up with Mr. Trine, who proceeds to denounce the wearing of furs on the same principle. The ethics of these things are finer and more various than his zeal allows him to perceive.

Three new editions of the week are just as different in kind as they can be. We have Dr. Malcolm MacColl's *The Reformation Settlement*, ninth edition (Longmans, 3s. 6d. net), with a new Preface in reply to criticism, and enlargements of the text; secondly, we have what is practically a new translation of M. Zola's *Germinal*, by Mr. E. V. Vizetelly (Chatto, 3s. 6d.); and thirdly, a new and revised edition of Mrs. Beeton's *Shilling Cookery Book* (Ward, Lock), which the publishers suggest, and we do not think of denying, is "a remarkable shilling's worth."

Fiction.

Parson Peter: a Tale of the Dart. By Arthur H. Norway. (John Murray. 6s.)

JACOB PETER was a smuggler, and vicar of Kingswear, many decades before the Great Western Railway established a terminus there. The idea of a parson being a smuggler seems at first sight distinctly repellent: one imagines that the man must have been both a knave and a hypocrite; but Mr. Norway would hotly deny that his hero was either. The apology for smuggling, even clerical smuggling, is one of the best things in the book:

A hundred years ago there were sheep and goats just as there are now, but it was not always quite so easy to distinguish them. Law had not yet won all her battles. She had made scant progress on the ocean, and none too much upon the coasts, where the bulk of the fishermen and traders had inherited practices and ways of thought which were mediæval more than modern, handed down from a vast antiquity, stamped with that impatience of control which is caught by all men who go to and fro upon the sea, instinct with a love of daring above all other qualities, clinging tenaciously to the freedom which from primæval centuries had been unchallenged on the ocean, resenting fiercely the intrusion of law on that proud domain; cherishing all these passions and traditions mately, with an angry outlook on a changing world, which was fast robbing them of the privileges of their fathers, and checking them in what they believed they had a right to do . . .

And so on.

Mr. Norway advises those who cannot accept his plea not to proceed with the story. It is a good story, animated by a real feeling for the sea and seafarers; and if, as we believe, it is Mr. Norway's first effort in fiction, it reflects on him much credit. Both the smugglers and the "King's men" are admirably drawn, and the fighting episodes have spirit. The last disappearance of the Parson in his venturesome cutter is brave and pathetic enough to soften the hardest heart towards this man who would interrupt the preparation of a sermon in order to plan the salvage of sunk kegs.

19 January. 1901

The Joy of Captain Ribot. By A. Palacio Valdés. Translated by Minna Caroline Smith. (Downey. 6s.)

In a letter to Mr. Sylvester Baxter, the "introducer" of this story, Don Armando Palacio Valdés wrote: "It is a protest from the depths against the eternal adultery of the French novel." Having regard to the fact that the book contains one adultery, and two cases in which adultery was prevented only by the adamantine honesty of the really charming heroine, we cannot but regard such a statement as somewhat over-coloured. For the rest, though inferior in strength and fineness both to *Froth* and *The Grandee*, the only other novels of Valdés that we happen to have read, *The Joy of Captain Ribot* is an able and attractive piece of fiction, and the sentimentality of its conclusion does no harm to it. Ribot is admirably drawn; Cristina's mother is an amusing figure of comedy. There is in the book an unfamiliar kind of humour, which presumably must be called Spanish. The indiscreet translator remarks that Valdés' "greatness of soul" finds "expression in a consummate mastery of the novelist's art." This is hyperbole of the wildest, but nevertheless the technical excellence of the story is rather notable. Written, of course, under French influences, and under a Latin inspiration, it has qualities of formal beauty which are only too rare in English fiction. What it chiefly lacks is mere power of imagination—in a word, force.

A Scholar of his College. By W. E. W. Collins. (Blackwood. 6s.)

"Then you truly and seriously mean to go back from your definite promise to me, Leuchars?" and the speaker, a stout, red-faced man of some sixty or more summers, scowled angrily as he looked at his companion.

WHEN a novel begins so (. . . and the speaker . . .) you know instantly that it will never startle or shock you or make you think, though it may promote digestion. Mr. Collins's story of college and country-house life is thoroughly and honestly old-fashioned. The people in it are named Jack Treherne, Bertie ditto, Algie Chevely, and so forth. The book is full of all the beloved antique phrases—*exigeante, facile princeps, amende honorable*, "slowly retraced his steps," &c., &c. And the incidents, too, have a similar antiquity:

"Look you here, my man," he said sternly, again getting a good grip of the butcher's collar, "we don't want any of that language. And I will give you a fair warning that if ever I pass this way and catch you or your filthy cur making nuisances of yourselves to your neighbours, I'll break the creature's neck first, and then turn you over your own counter and smack you soundly with your own cleaver"—and he pushed the butcher from him with sufficient force to send the fellow tottering along the pavement backwards for some half-dozen yards, till, arriving at a convenient doorstep, he sat down with considerable discomfort. And there, until his assailant had fairly turned his back, the butcher thought it prudent to remain. Like other fallen idols, he found himself destitute of worshippers, and even the one congenial spirit who presently helped him to recover his feet and brush himself down proved little better than a Job's comforter.

This famous episode, doubtless, occurred first in the ramping "Town v. Gown" days of Cuthbert Bede and Frank Fairleigh; we had thought it "quite, quite dead," but we were mistaken. *A Scholar of his College* is highly sentimentalised, saccharine, *convenable*, discreetly smart, and "wholesome." It is about as far removed from life as a carefully written and evidently sincere novel could be. We are glad to admit, however, that the hero is not a prig, but a quite likeable human youth, and that the remarks of the head keeper concerning the necessity of destroying pheasants, on pp. 31-32, show some trace of humour.

The Queen versus Billy, and Other Stories. By Lloyd Osbourne. (Heinemann).

NOBODY has graduated in a better school of literature than Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, and for association's sake he is bound to get a sympathetic hearing. But this volume of pathetic, poignant little South Sea stories may well stand on their own merits. Quite simple and natural Mr. Osbourne is not. He is rarely without just a touch of the whimsical and burlesque. The ludicrous contrasts of the type of civilisation which he knows best prey upon his imagination. But he is thoroughly human, has the gift of observation, and a keen eye for a dramatic situation. His sympathies extend to all sorts and conditions of men in the strange medley which makes up South Sea society: missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, man-of-war's men, disreputable beach-combers, Kanaka "boys," and graceful Samoan women, all are indifferently the material for the humour and tragedy he can see in them. Of the nine stories that make up the volume, the four best seem to us to be "*The Queen versus Billy*," "*The Dust of Defeat*," "*Father Zosimus*," and "*The Phantom City*": each in its way is genuine art. But the freshness of the whole book is unmistakable.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

IN THE NAME OF A WOMAN. BY A. W. MARCHMONT.

With eight pictures. The frontispiece is called, "She fired two shots in rapid succession with deadly effect." The story is told by Gerald Winthrop, and opens briskly in the Bulgarian capital. Gerald, who had gone to Sofia on a mysterious mission, "to get at the bottom of the secret machinations by which Russia was endeavouring to close her grip of iron on the throne and country of Bulgaria," saves a young woman's life. She urges him to join the conspirators, to ally himself to the cause. His adventures make the story. (Longmans. 6s.)

THE PRIDE OF RACE.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

A long novel, somewhat after the Zangwill model. In the opening chapter Moses Mendoza pays a visit to Mr. Septimus Gray, schoolmaster, to ask a favour. "If you can persuade Mr. Septimus Gray to take your boy it'll be the making of 'm," a gentleman who was once a friend of Mr. Gray's had said to Moses. The book is divided into five panels: "The Rise of Moses Mendoza," "In Society," "Raphael Mendoza and his Wife, Lady Julia," "The Fall of Moses Mendoza," and "Light." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

SHYLOCK OF THE RIVER.

BY FERGUS HUME.

Readers know what to expect from the author of *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*. "The young man started to his feet. 'Kirby—murdered—at his home?' 'No,' replied the girl, wondering at the strangeness of the remark, 'at his office!' Mr. Brand drew a long breath, seemingly of relief. 'How terrible!' he said. 'I suppose the assassin is in custody.'" (Long. 6s.)

DRISCOLL, KING OF THE SCOUTS.

BY A. G. HALES.

The war correspondent of the *Daily News* has here thrown into the form of a story his experiences and observations during the first year of the South African War. Mr. Hales is a picturesque writer, and he has high spirits, together with a rather wandering pen. A picture of Driscoll is given as a frontispiece to the volume. (Arrowsmith. 6s.)

